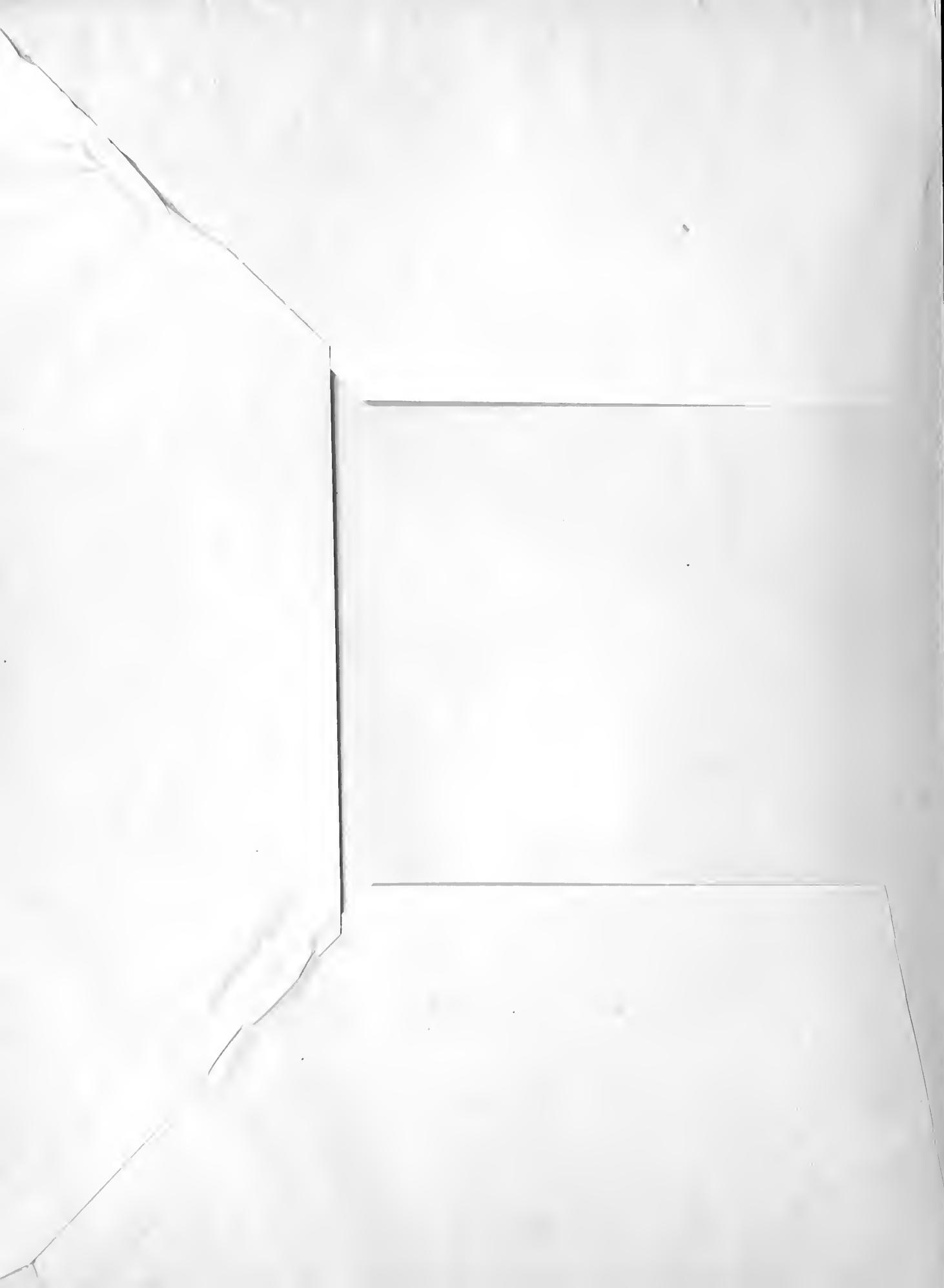
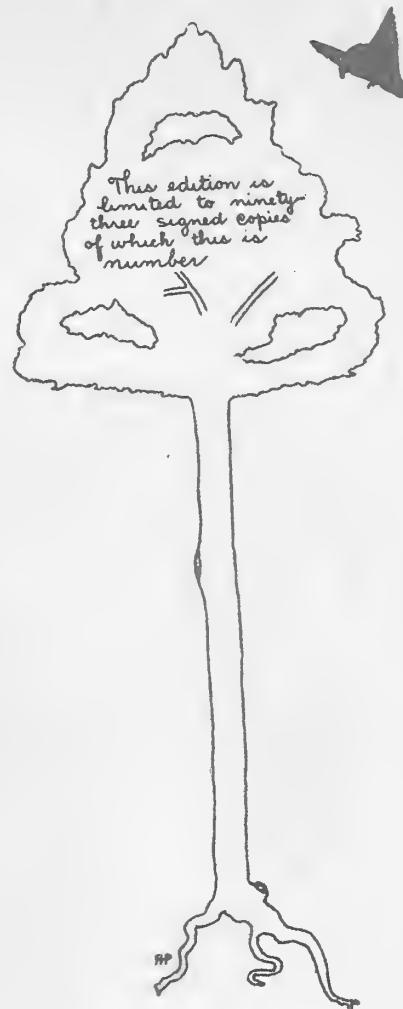


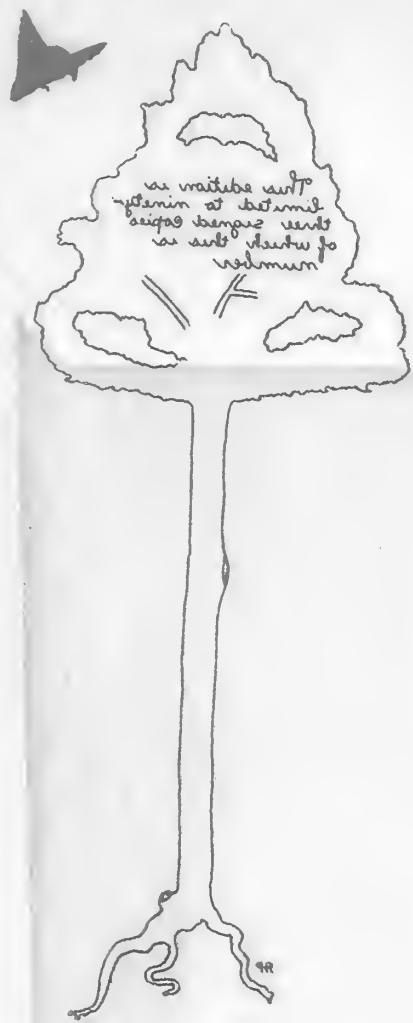


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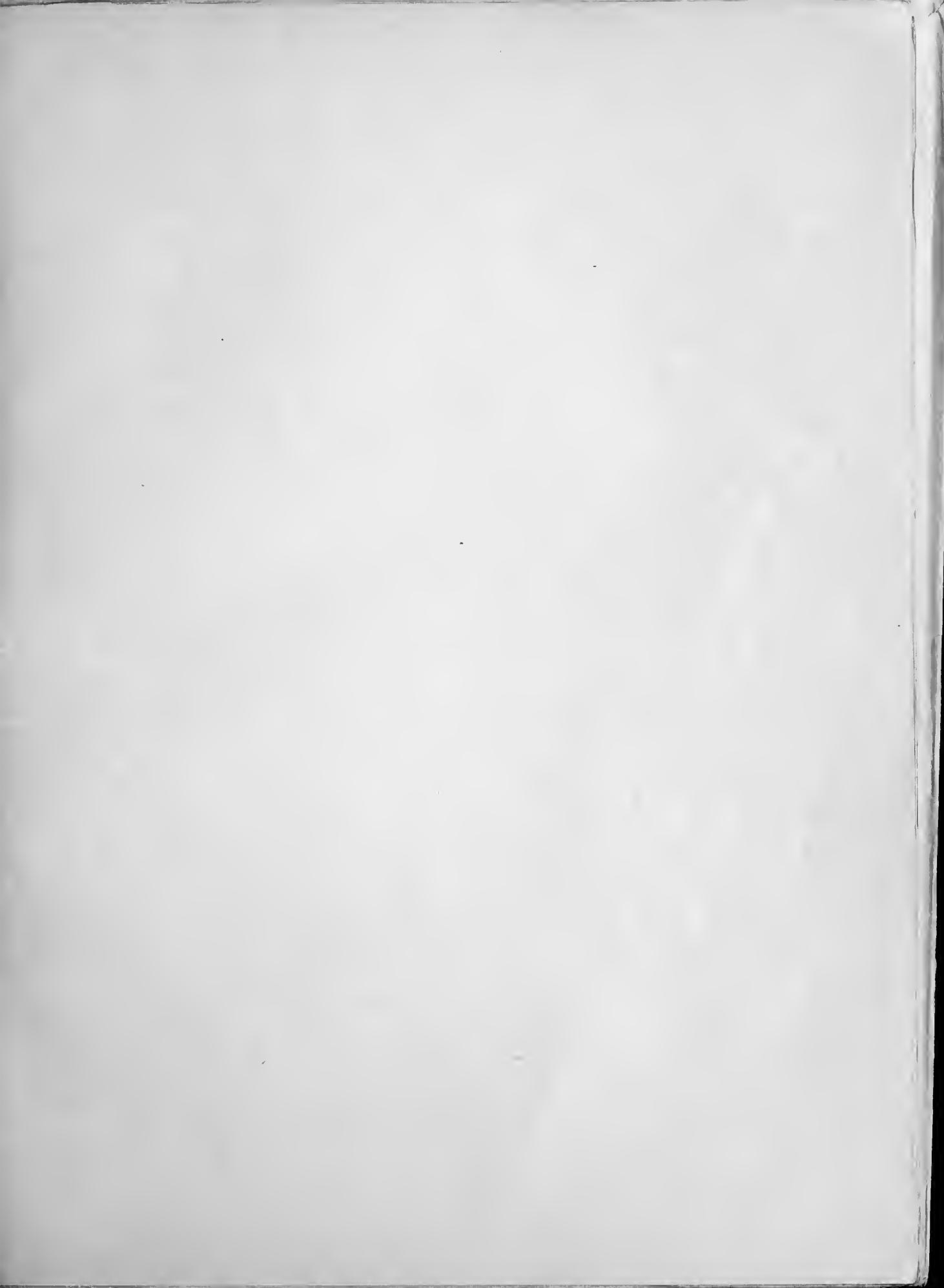




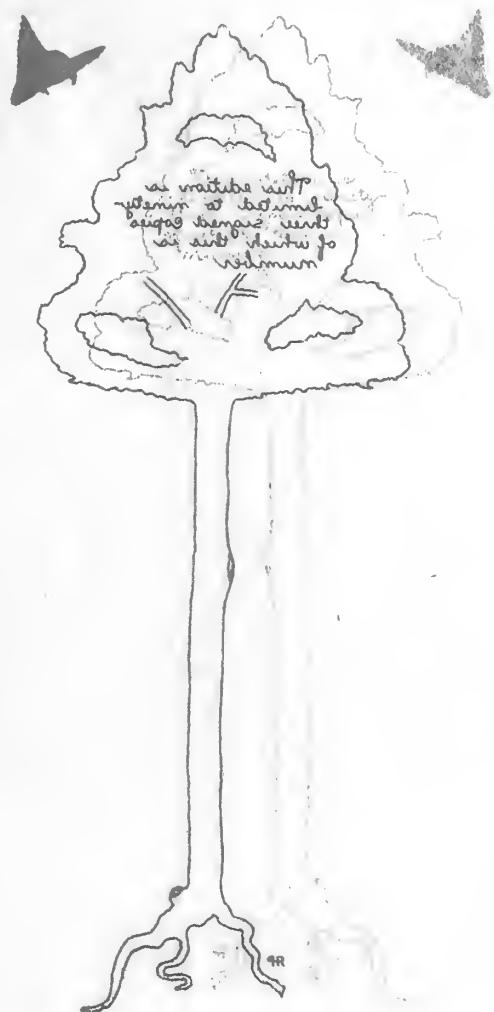


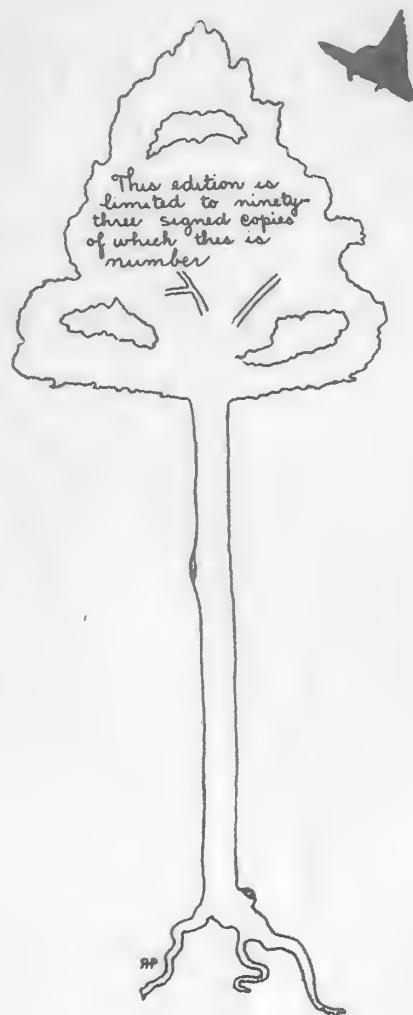


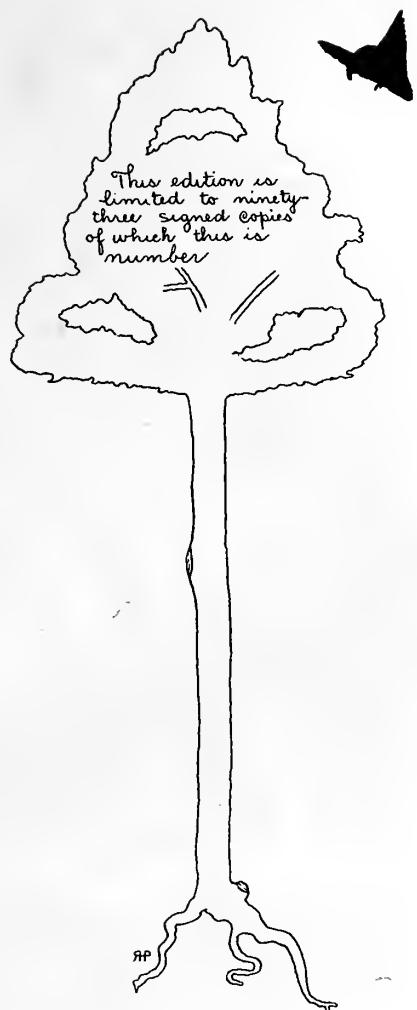










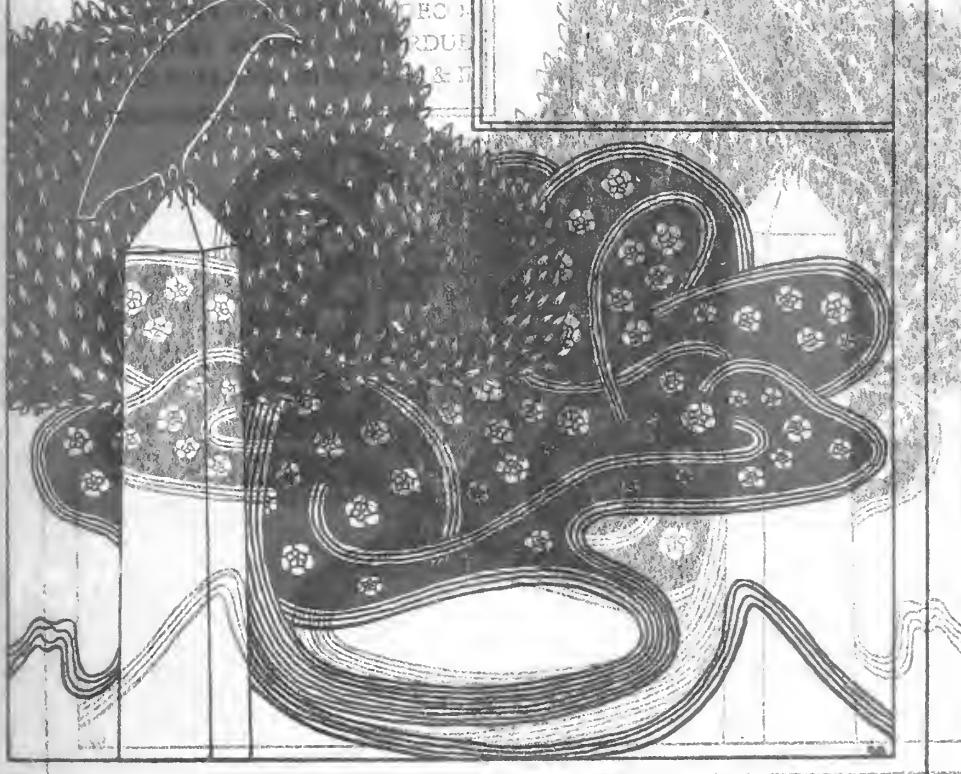


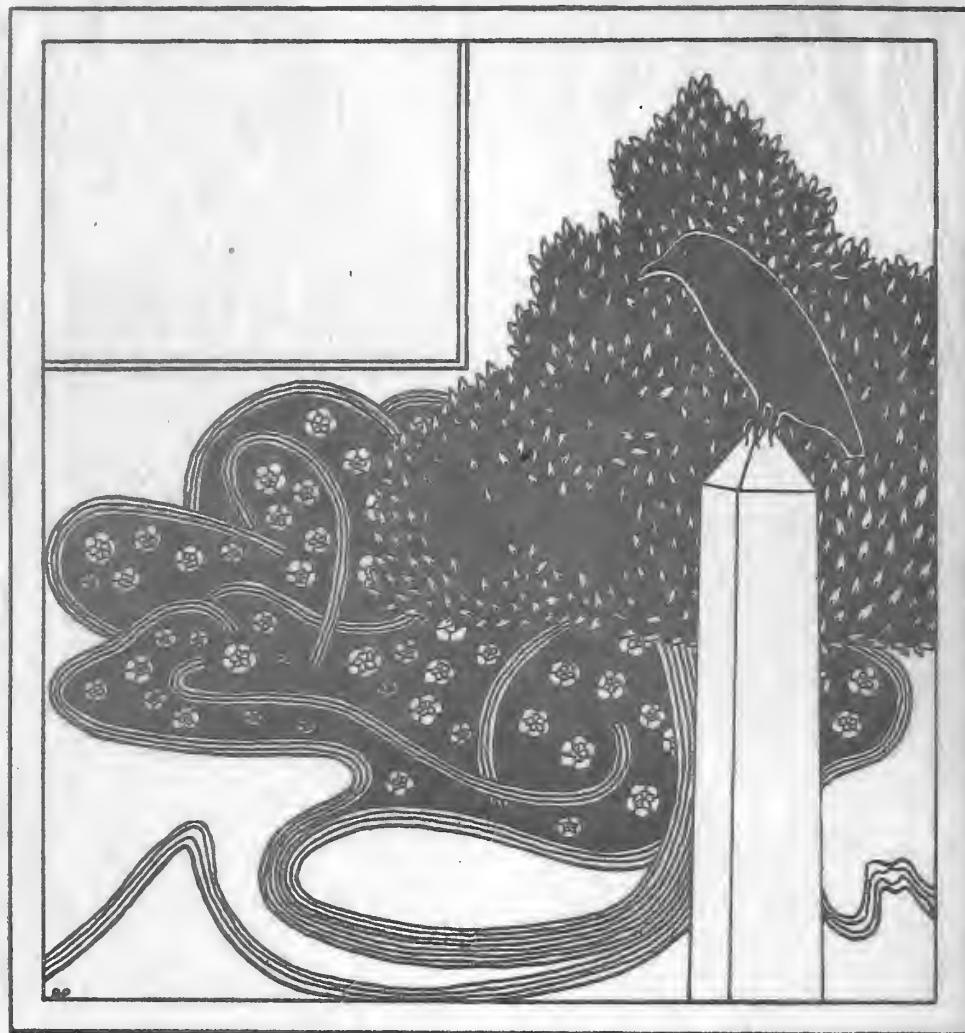


# THE RAVEN

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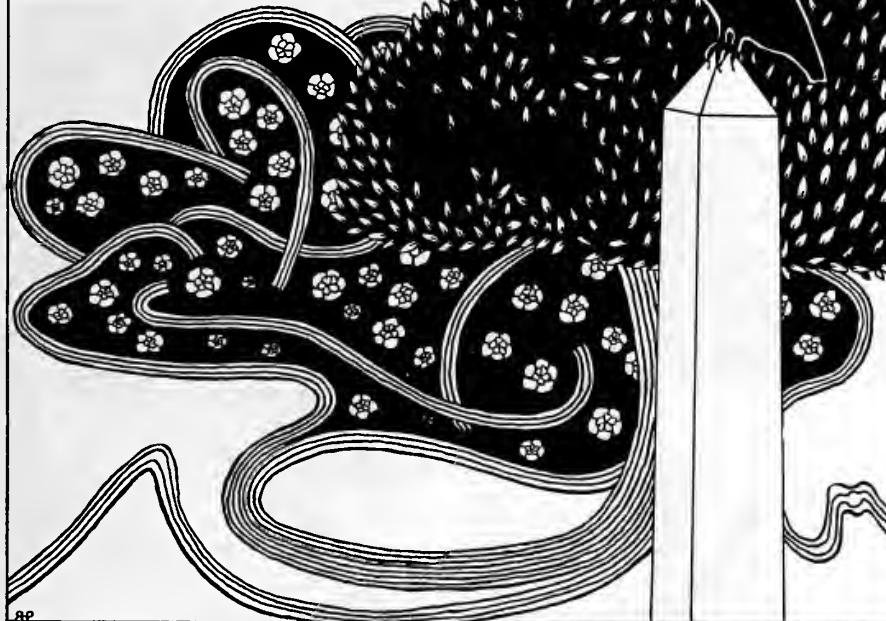


# THE RAVEN

BY

QUARLES

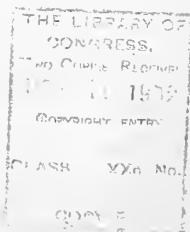
*Edgar Allan Poe*  
DONE INTO PRINT & DECO-  
RATED BY ROBERT H. PERDUE  
AT CLEVELAND, OHIO, MCM & II



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## INTRODUCTION



EARLY a century has elapsed since the birth of Edgar Poe, yet he remains the foremost of Americans who have written enduring English prose on this continent. When we consider a few of those names,—Cotton and Increase Mather, Franklin, Washington, Irving, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, H. B. Stowe, and now and then one more modern—we begin to grasp Poe's giant genius.

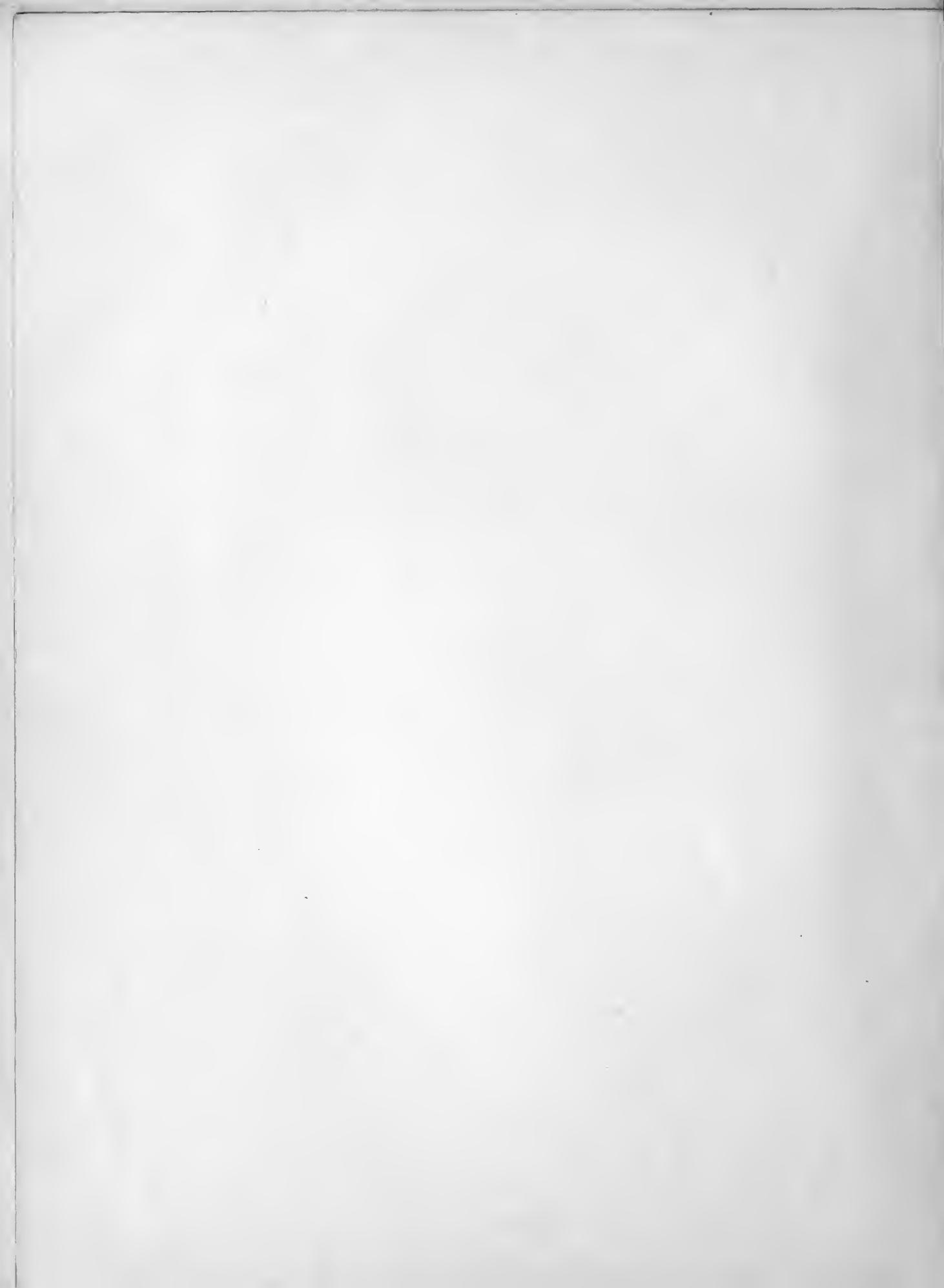
As a poet he stands alone,—poor McDonald Clarke sometimes struck poetic fire, but his unstable brain could not place before the peoples of this earth those divine things of which no one ever doubted that he was capable.

Study the choicest of the works of America's alleged poets, note their maudlin sentiment, anachronisms, their false metaphor, then take up Poe and mark how that bright soul, walking in darkness, was yet able to diffuse his light throughout the decades, to cast everlasting glow forward over the centuries yet to come.

Read, as a curious relaxation, the "Study in Scarlet" as though written *prior* to the "Murders in the Rue Morgue," and the marvel will grow that Poe dared to so cleverly plagiarize by wholesale the work of the great Sir Conan Doyle!

Of the man Poe, whilst we seem to know all about him, yet his whole existence is mystery. The many sketches of his life are made up of about equal parts of omission, sentimentality and falsehood. To write him "Edgar Poe," and to judge the man by his works, leaves all too much unsaid in a life interesting because of the unknown, the unexplored, in it. Who has ever taken serious heed of his military career? Yet Poe was a soldier in the regular establishment, and a good soldier, too, being twice cited for promotion, within a brief period—an unusual record in the American Army of that time. Who cares to affirm that our poet led a blameless life? Who dares to delve too deeply in the shadows which envelop his connection with the Allans? However, it is not meet to cumber with wearisome phrase this little book which is itself not a petitioner for favour, either from the *Literati* or the *Illuminati*.

Mr. Robert Hartley Perdue, while claiming no extraordinary or esoteric knowledge of POEsy, is an ardent admirer of these children of mystery. In his leisure hours he has made a pen-and-ink folio of the "Raven," using "Quarles's" original lines as a foundation for his labours. Later he made four *replicas* for bibliophile friends. Mr. Perdue drew his borders as Fancy and Imagina-



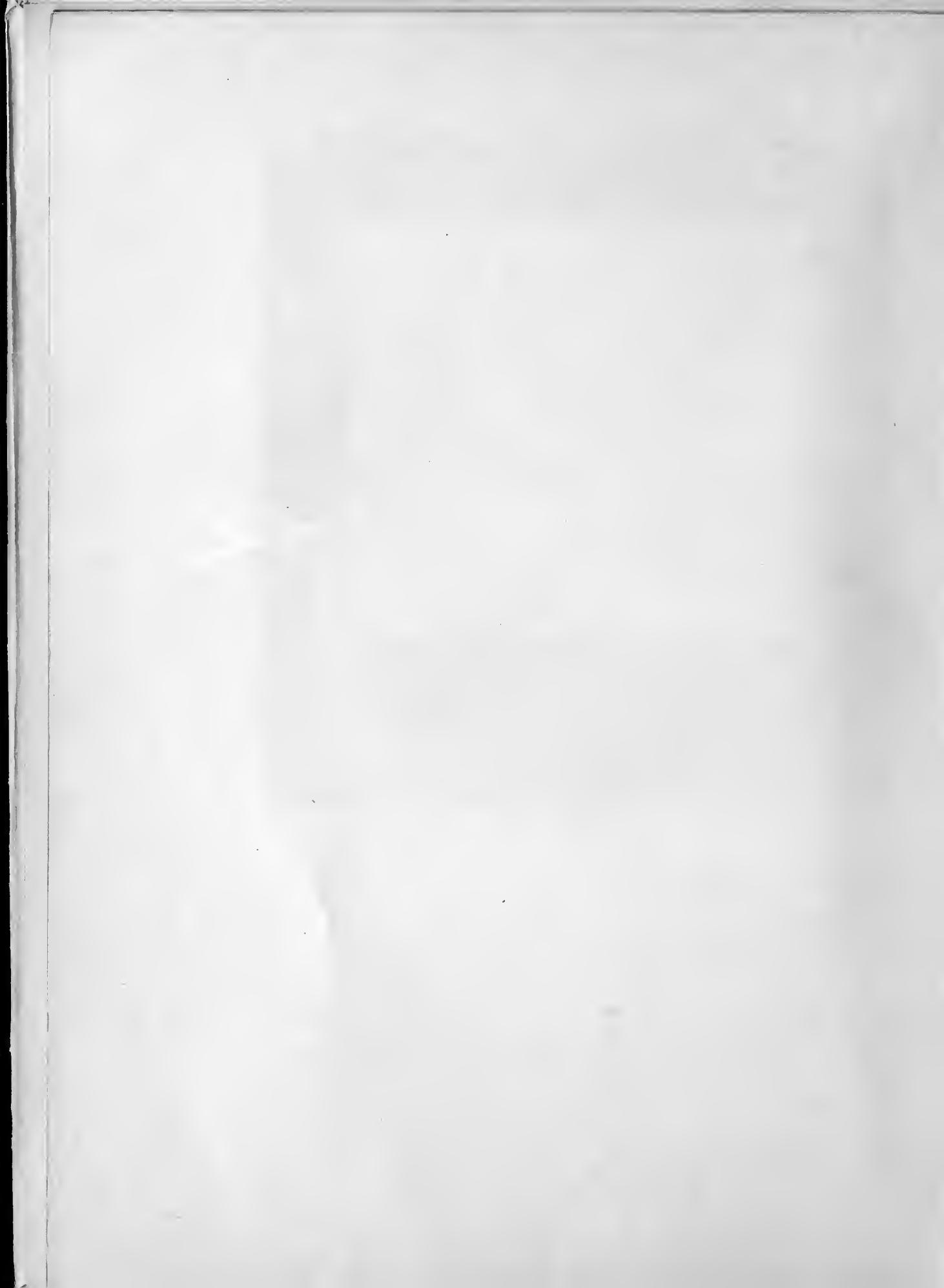
tion dictated, and incidentally answered some questions which were not truly met by Dore, or any other of our poet's distinguished illustrators. I mention one. How could the shadow of the raven fall upon the floor as pictured by all the artists? The lamp is on the table, the bird on the bust of Pallas high above the point of light. Mr. Perdue solves the problem—for his light is in the hall beyond, shining obliquely down through the transom and naturally throws the shadow on the floor where Poe saw it.

Mr. Perdue has read and re-read faithfully, and absorbed, all the Poe remains, and believes that "Lenore" is simply a figure representing what Poe imagined his own life to be, and we escape the sketch of the scullery-maid posed rampant, flamboyant, recumbent, or prone, as the artist could best draw her, and then palmed off on an unsuspecting public as our poet's lost love.

Poe doubtless knew himself possessed of that divine spark which we commoners call genius, yet he walked ever alone in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. He saw the beautiful "Gates of Paradise" all aglow with chalcedony and pearls and precious stones, but no one beckoned him to enter.

Edgar Poe was in no sense a bondman, yet no slave in his own Southland was ever so free of freedom as he. He was a greater mystery—even to himself—than all his tales of mystery can possibly be to his millions of mystified readers.

At the solicitation of the writer, who has in his library No. 1 of the original folios, Mr. Perdue consented to the reproduction of his drawings in a different size. With him it has been a labour of pleasure and study, without emolument or *honorarium*, and every bibliophile and lover of Poe will give him cheer and compliment for his consent to publish his embellishments for the best loved and most characteristic of Poe's poems.



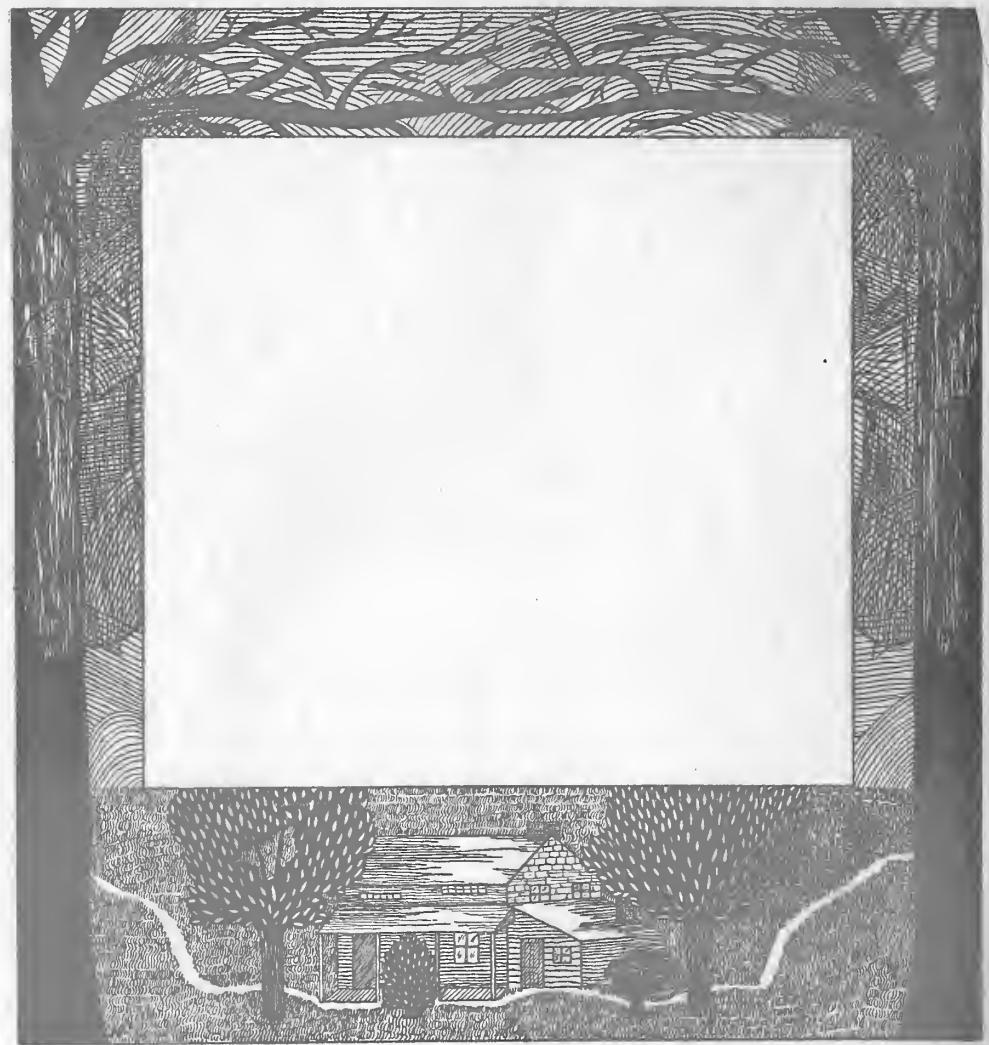


On a dark night, dear while I pondered, w<sup>t</sup>  
I saw a ghostly figure, long-forgotten  
With a pale, ghastly, piping, wail, there came  
A sound from the gloom, "I am a spirit of the dead!"

"Tis some late friend, I know him well, he died so young,  
He died so young, he died so young."

Ah, distinctly I hear him say, "I died so young,  
And each day since my death I have been here,  
Eagerly I watch the world, I search the earth,  
From my lonely grave, for some late friend to meet."

And the spirit spoke again,  
Thrilled me—then I knew it was true,  
So that now I know it's true,  
"Tis some late friend, I know him well, he died so young,  
Some late friend, he died so young."





NCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.  
“‘Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber door :  
Only this and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,  
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the Morrow ; — vainly I had tried to borrow  
From my books surcease of sorrow — sorrow for the lost Lenore,  
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore :

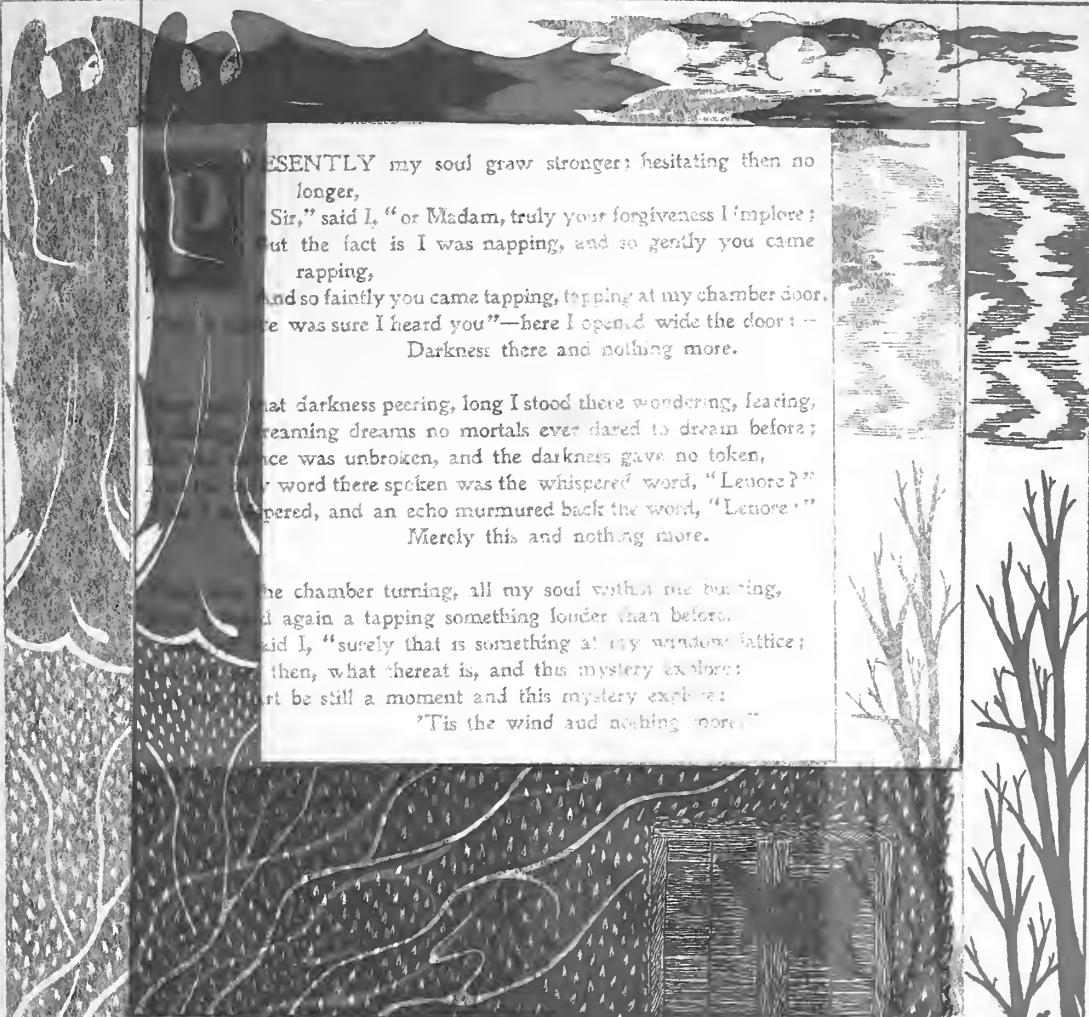
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain  
Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before ;  
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating  
“‘Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,  
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door :

This it is and nothing more.”





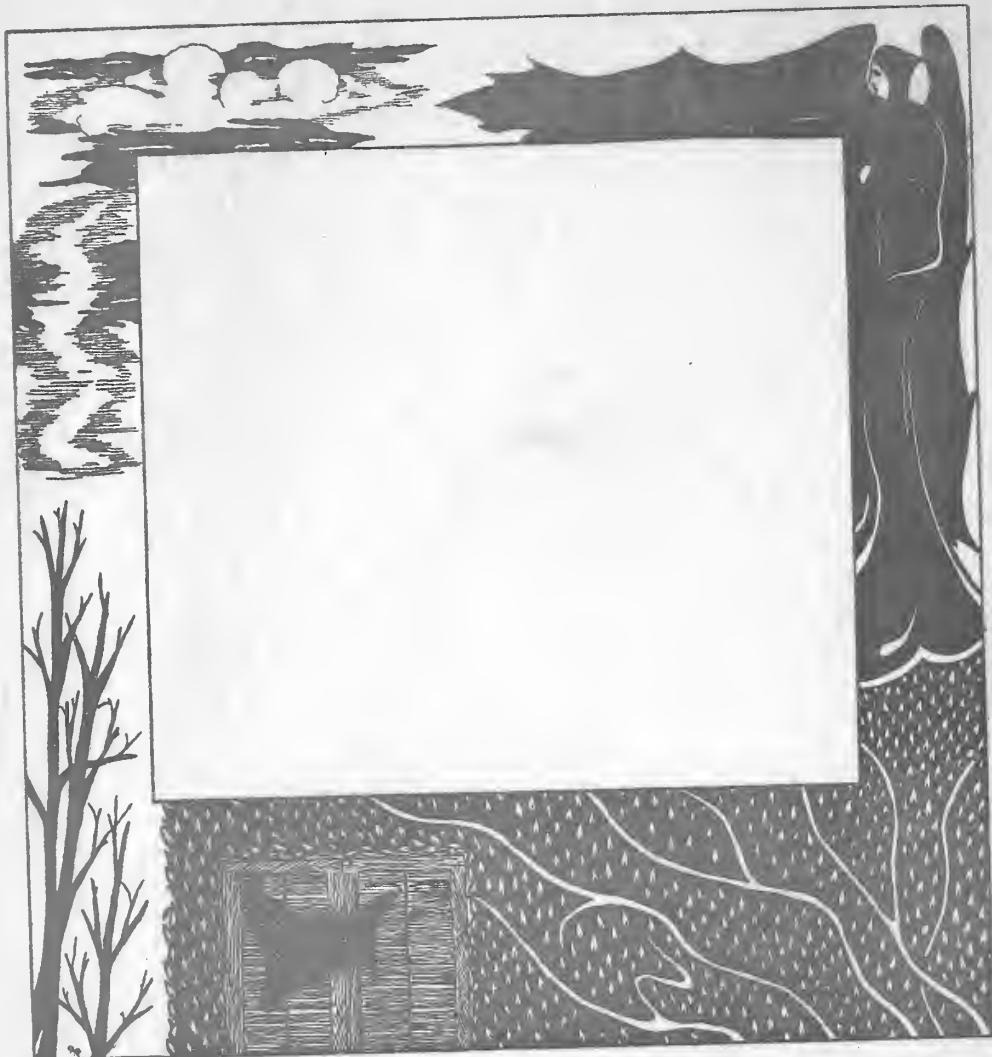


PRESENTLY my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,  
Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;  
but the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came tapping,  
and so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door.  
"I was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door:—  
Darkness there and nothing more.

At darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,  
Dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;  
Once was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,  
One word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore?"  
I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"

Merely this and nothing more.

In the chamber turning, all my soul within me bursting,  
And again a tapping something louder than before.  
"Did I," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;  
What thereat is, and this mystery explore;  
But be still a moment and this mystery explore:  
"Tis the wind and nothing more."



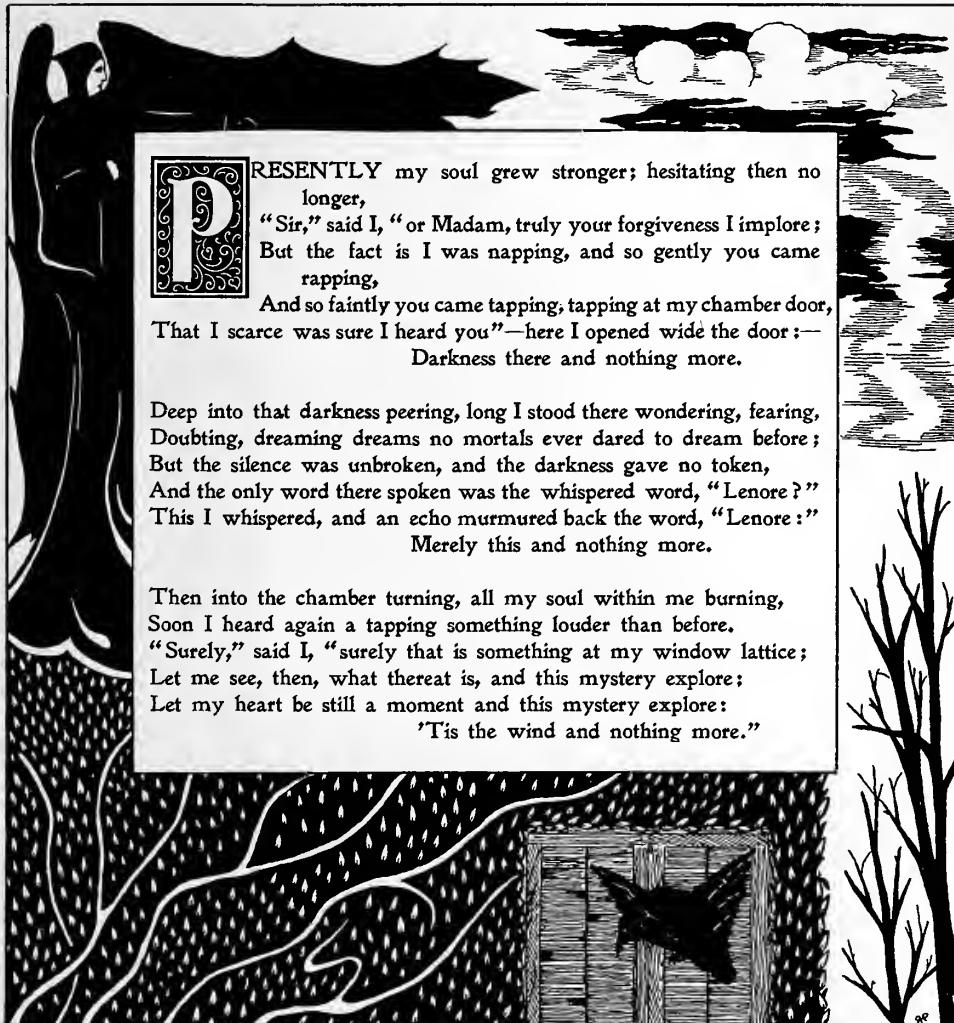


RESENTLY my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,  
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;  
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,  
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door :—  
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,  
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;  
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,  
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore?"  
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore:"  
Merely this and nothing more.

Then into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
Soon I heard again a tapping something louder than before.  
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;  
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore;  
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore:  
'Tis the wind and nothing more."

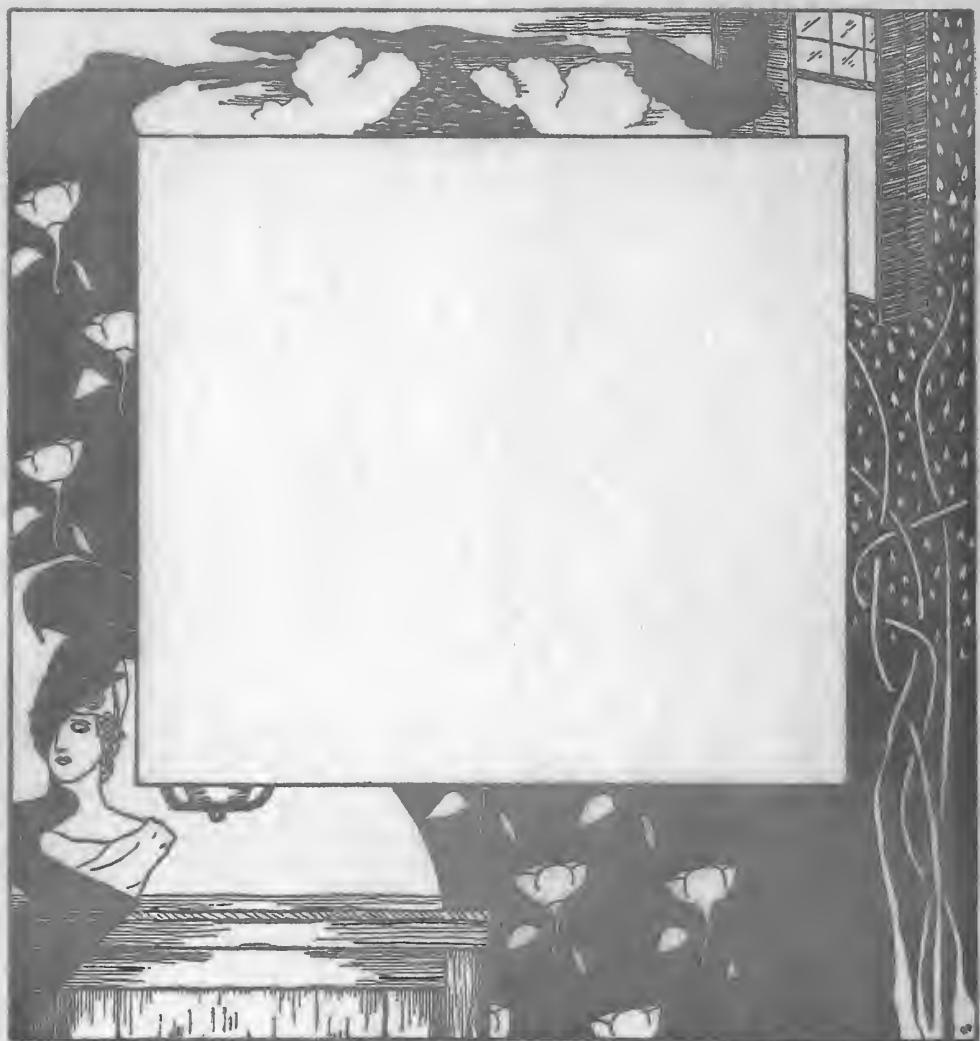


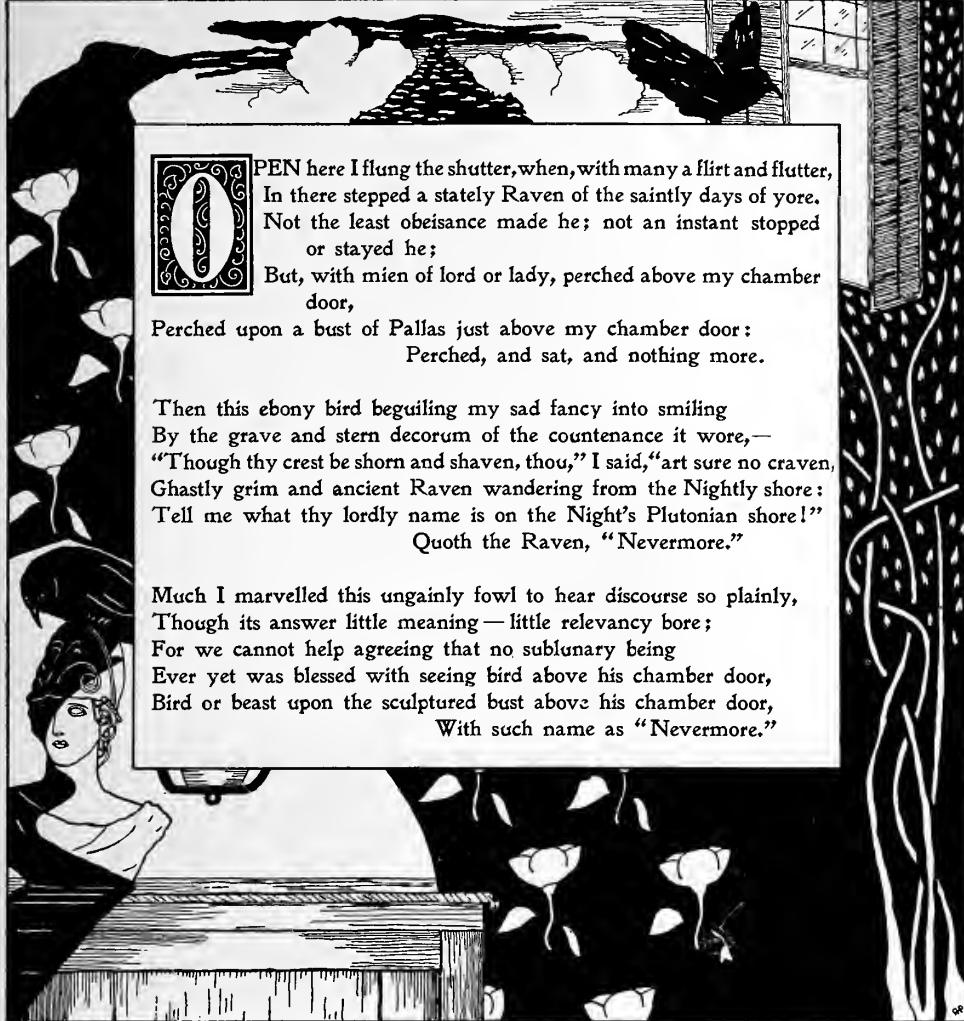


**O**PEN here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flit and flutter  
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.  
Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped  
or stayed he;  
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber  
door,  
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door:  
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling  
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,—  
“Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I said, “art sure no craven  
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nig hly shore  
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Nig hly’s Plutonian shore!”  
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,  
Though its answer little meaning — little relevancy bore;  
For we cannot help agreeing that no sublunary being  
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door,  
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,  
With such name as “Nevermore”





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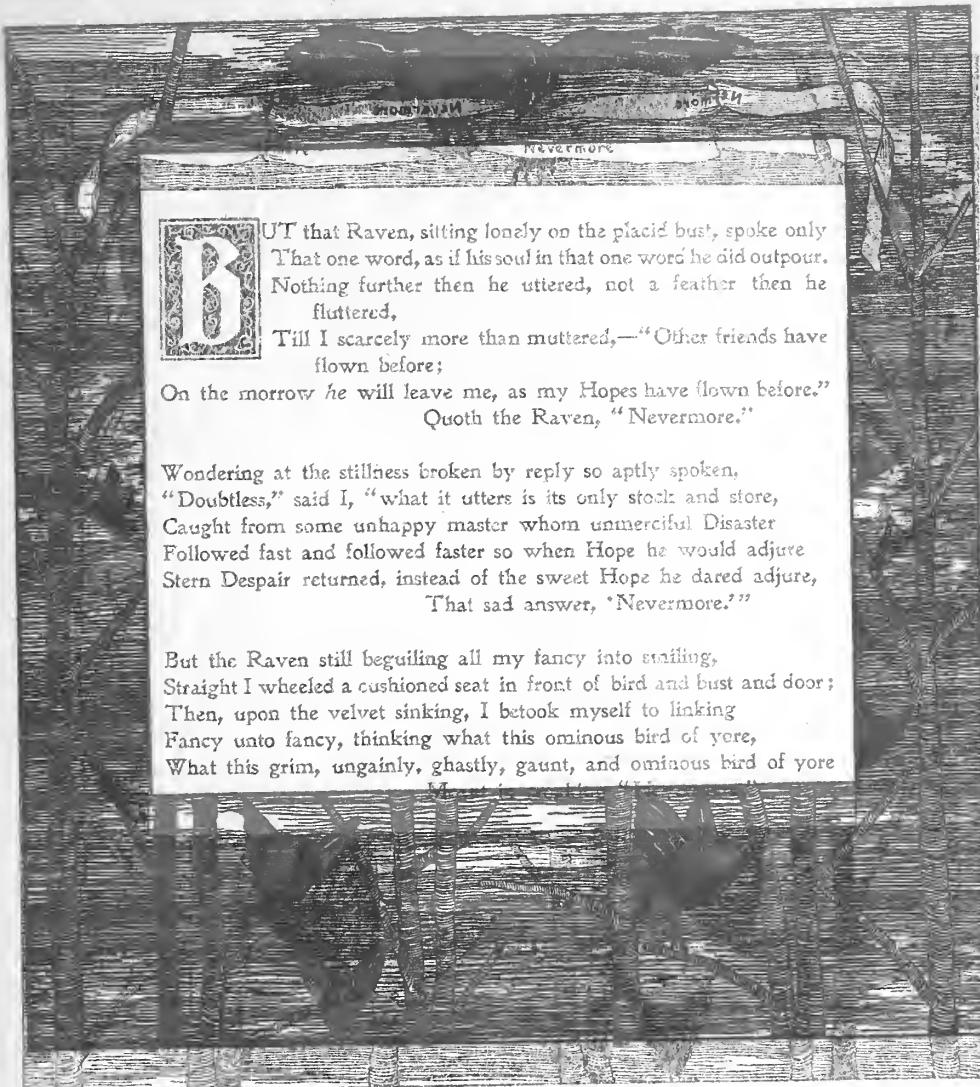
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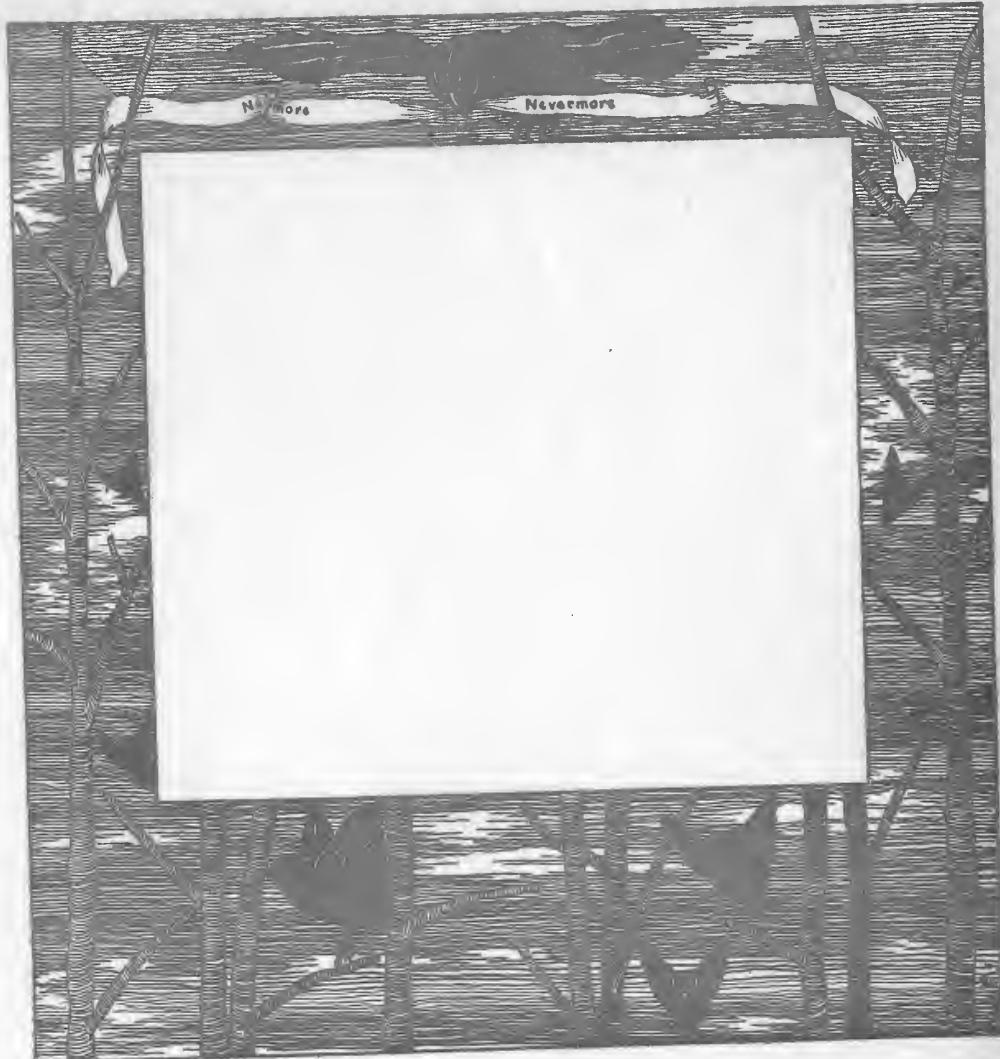


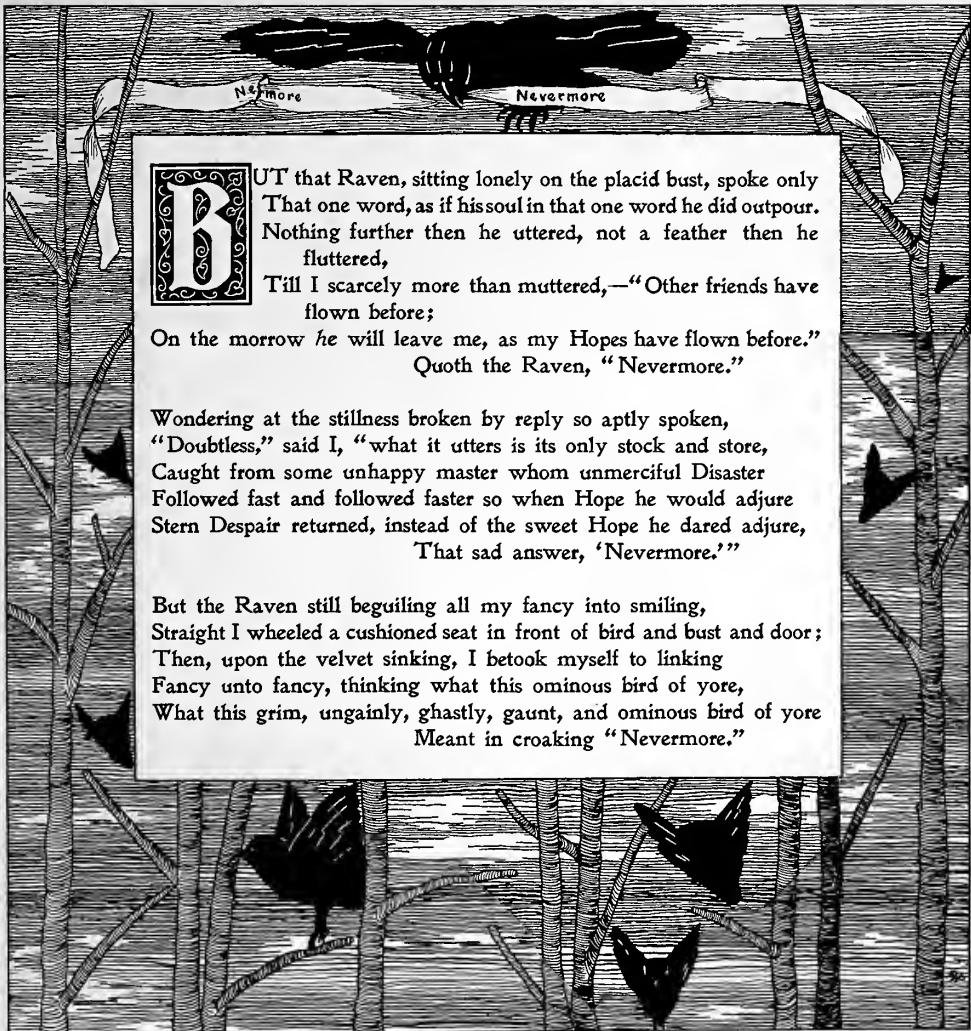


**B**UT that Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only  
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.  
Nothing further then he uttered, not a feather then he  
fluttered,  
Till I scarcely more than muttered,—“Other friends have  
flown before;  
On the morrow he will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before.”  
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

Wondering at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,  
“Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters is its only stock and store,  
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster so when Hope he would adjure  
Stern Despair returned, instead of the sweet Hope he dared adjure,  
That sad answer, ‘Nevermore.’”

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,  
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;  
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking  
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore,  
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore



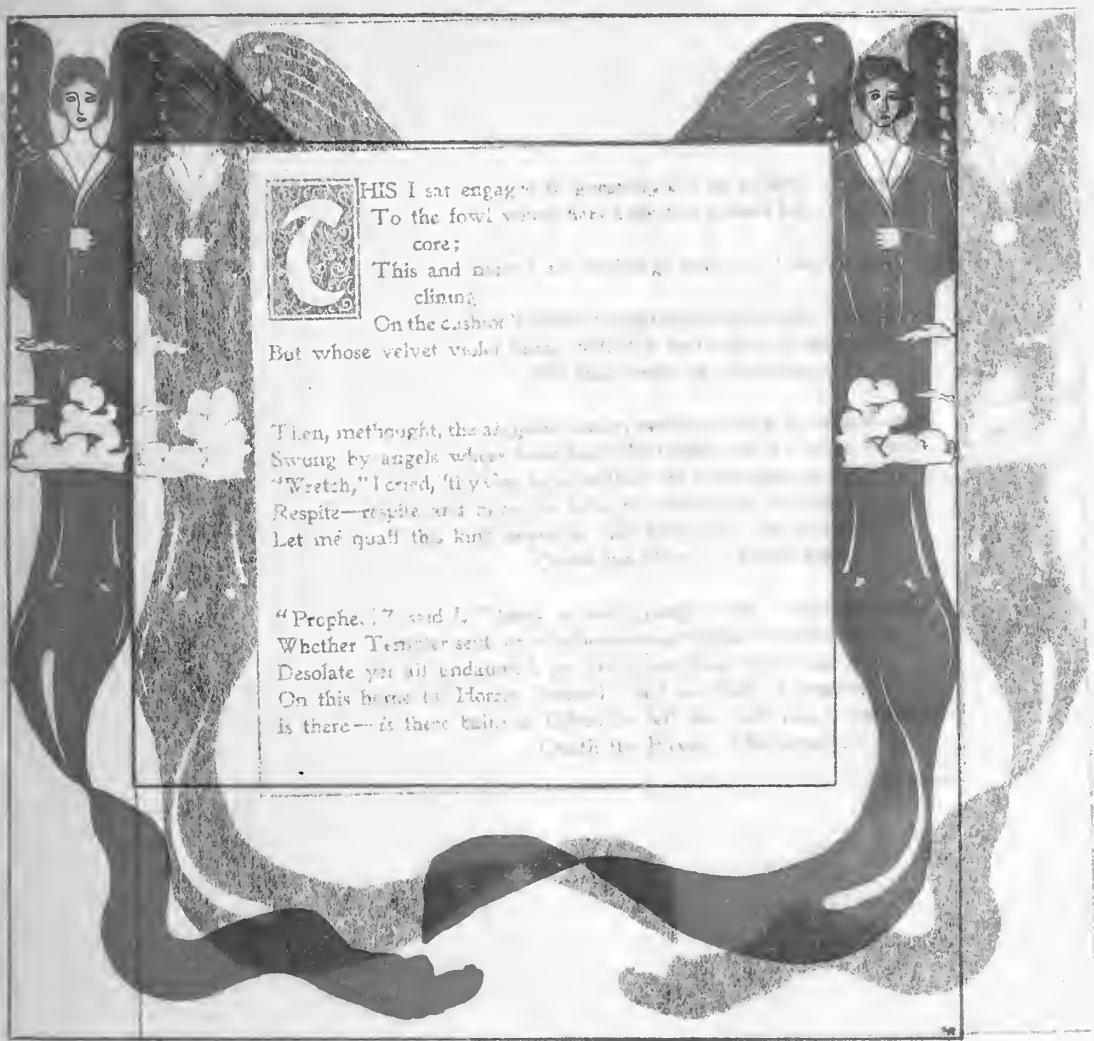


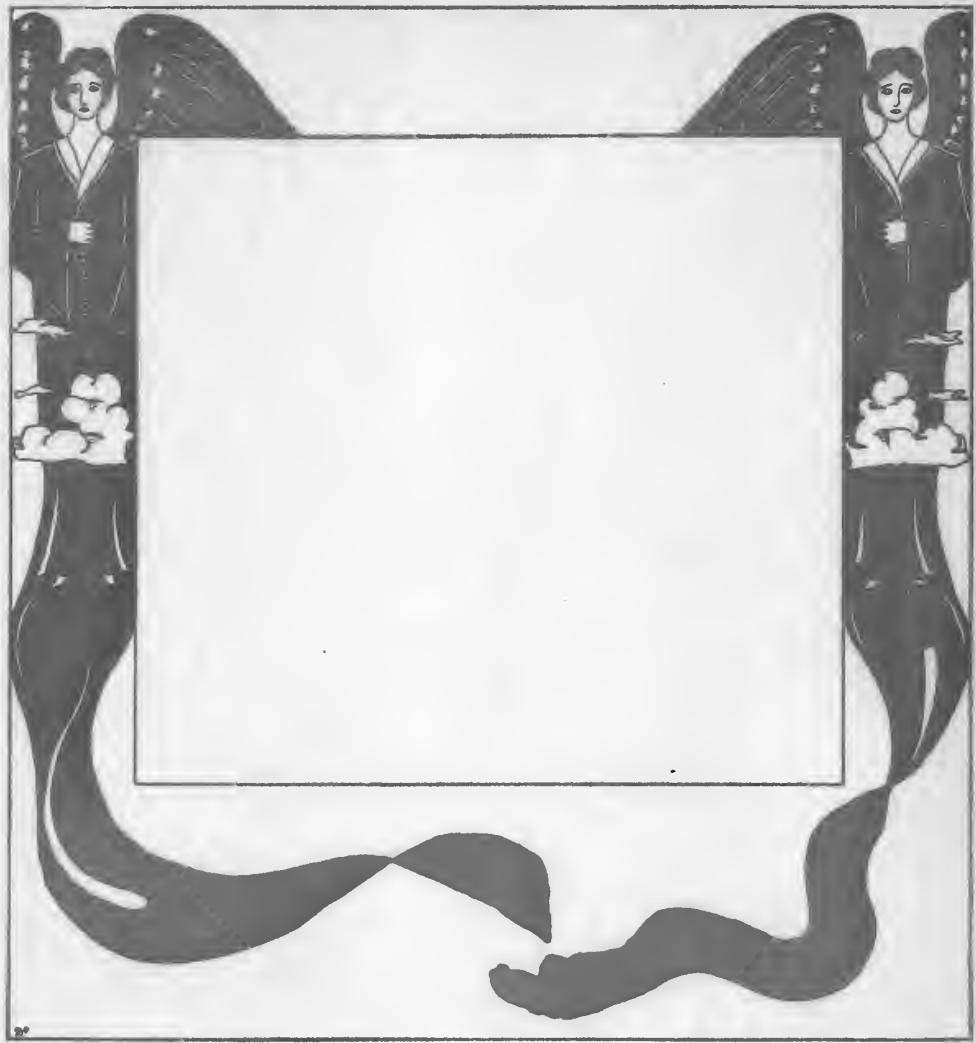
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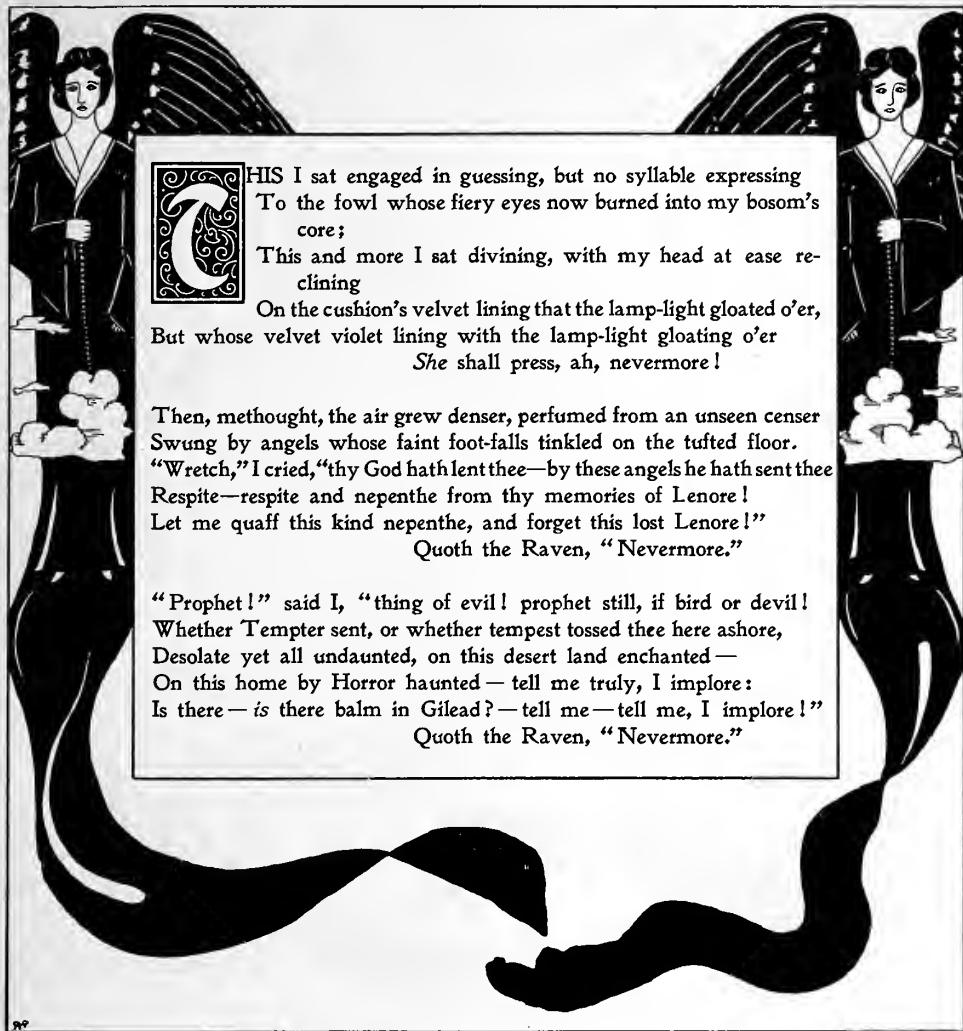
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Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking  
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore,  
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore  
Meant in croaking “Nevermore.”









HIS I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's  
core;

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease re-  
clining

On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,  
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er  
*She shall press, ah, nevermore!*

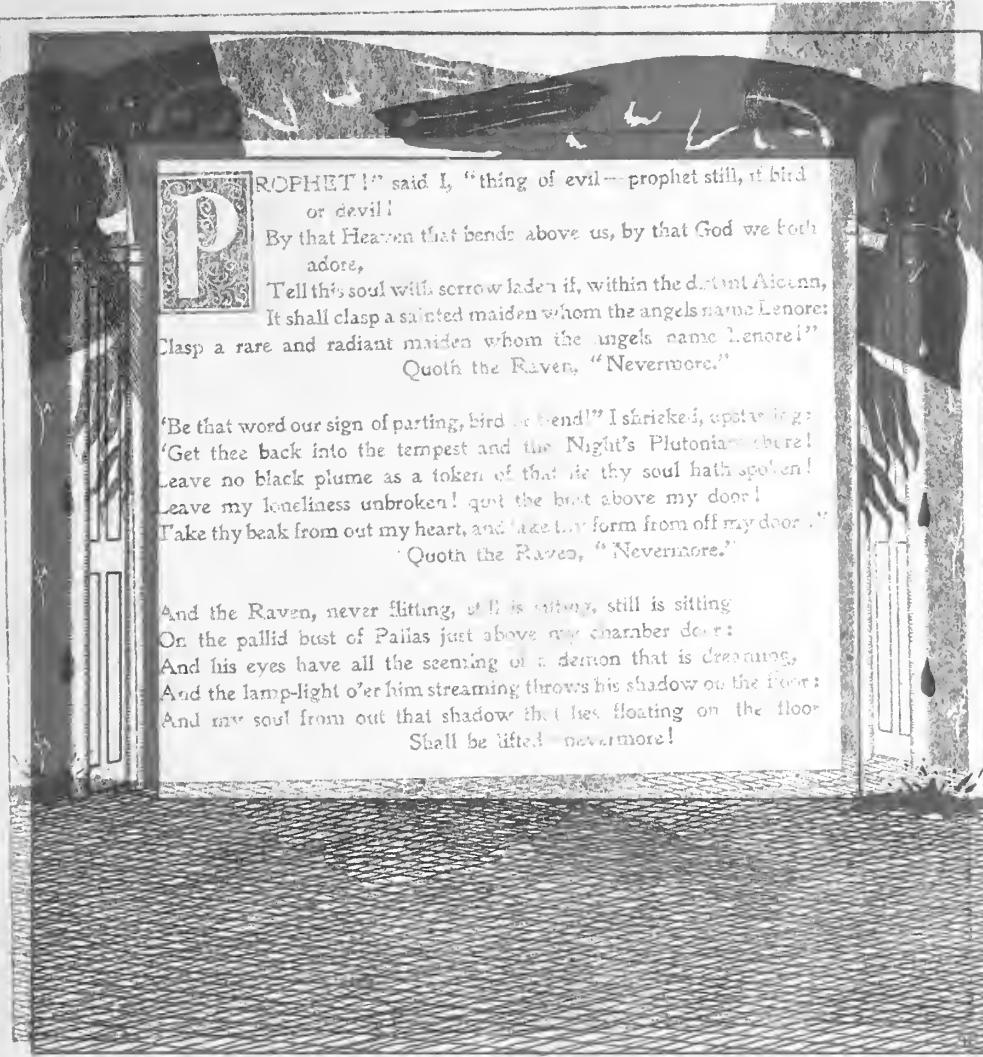
Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer  
Swung by angels whose faint foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.  
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee  
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!  
Let me quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or devil!  
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,  
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—  
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore:  
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."





**P**ROPHET!" said I, "thing of evil— prophet still, if bird  
or devill  
By that Heaven that bende above us, by that God we both  
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Tell this soul with sorow laden if, within the distant Alzann,  
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore;  
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore!"  
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"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!  
Leave no black plume as a token of that ie thy soul hath spoken!  
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my door!  
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door."  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting  
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door:  
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is dreaming,  
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor:  
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor  
Shall be lifted— nevermore!



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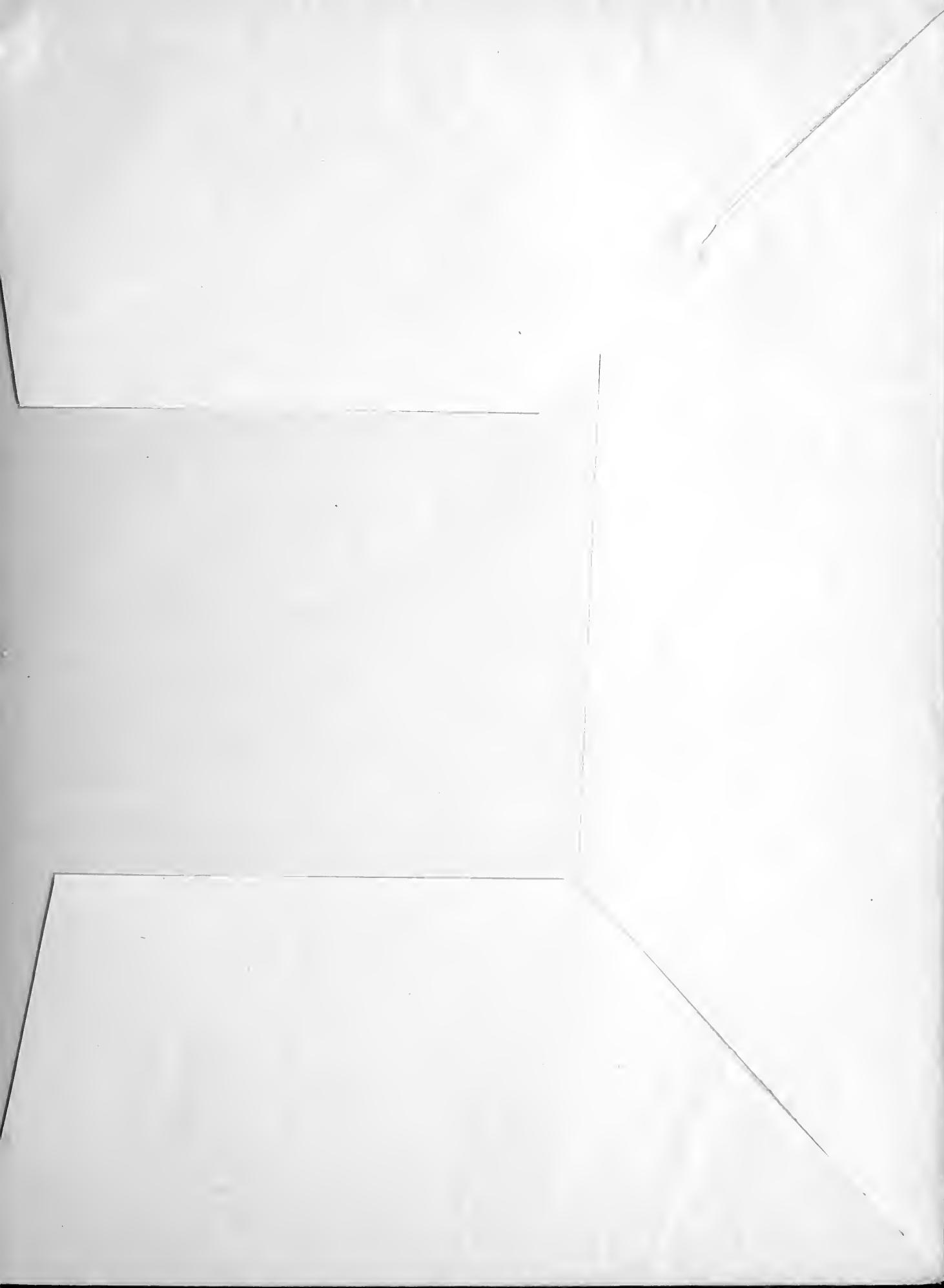


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